SEPTEMBER 1981

WAVELENGTH

In this issue:

HOW TO WIN A WAR
Return of the Draft?

VANISHING MANCHESTER
Urban Renewal in England

FRESHMAN PEER COUNSELING
A New Deal for Students

UMASS UNDERGROUND
There's Something Down There

Plus fiction, poetry and art . . .

UMass/Boston

VOL.3 NO.1

-Student Activities at UMass-

The Student Activities Committee (SAC) is a group of 24 students that are elected every February. SAC is responsible for organizing and administrating all programs funded by the Student Activities Trust Fund, which this year is projected to be $326,000.00. This fund accumulates from the $46.00 activities fee paid by each full time student. For more information about SAC services, contact us at x3181 or visit us at 1/4/181..The following are some of the services that are provided by SAC.

CULTURAL EVENTS: 1/4/116 x2813

*** Harbor Art Gallery:** 2/1/002
A student run gallery featuring professional and student art exhibits.

*** Lecture Series:**
Topical and controversial lectures. RSO requests welcome.

*** Black History Month:**
A number of events organized by the black students on campus during black history month.

*** Film Series:**
A weekly motion picture shown in the large science auditorium and the Pub.

*** Alternative Film Series:**
Films on current social/political issues shown at Earth Foods once a week.

*** Social Events:**
An open committee of students, responsible for planning SAC funded parties.

*** Discount Museum Passes:** Available at SAC.

*** Ticket Series:**
Discount tickets sold at SAC office for sporting events, theatre and concerts.

MEDIA & PUBLICATIONS: 1/4/117 x2855

*** Wavelength:** 1/6/091
A quarterly literary & news magazine, published, funded & managed by students.

*** Mass Media:** 8/4/001
The weekly newspaper of the campus community, published, funded & managed by students.

*** WUMB:** Library/G1/067
The campus radio station, recently awarded an FM license.

*** Point Press:** 2/3/009
Quality printing & composition service done by students on campus. Responsible for the production of Mass Media & Wavelength.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS:

*** SAC Book Exchange:** 2/1/413
A bookstore where students can buy and place their used books on consignment.

*** Earth Foods Restaurant:** 1/3/caf.
A vegetarian, non-profit restaurant & take-out service funded & managed by students.

*** The Pub:** 1/3/316
A lounge for the campus community to socialize in. Beer, wine and snacks available.

*** Office of the Student Trustee:**
1/4/120 x2284
Elected student representative on the Board of Trustees.

*** Advocacy Center:** 2/1/414
Acts as an advocate for students who are encountering difficulties with the University.

COMMUNITY ACTION: 1/4/115 x2812
Funds are used for student tutors, cultural programs, health services and educational supplies for the following:

- **Hand to Hand (Chinatown)**
- **UMass Childcare (CPCS)**
- **College Prep (UMB)**
- **Handicapped Students Program (UMB)**
- **Little House (Dorchester)**
- **Roxbury Boys Club**
- **South Boston Neighborhood House**
- **Toys for Tots**
- **W. Broadway Multi Service Center**
- **Columbia Point Program**

RECOGNIZED STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS (RSO)
1/4/114 x2811
*Over 100 clubs are funded by SAC. Each club receives an initial allocation of $124. Clubs can also apply for Special Allocations.

SAC at CPCS: Park Square/4/417

These services are organized & run by CPCS students with funding from SAC. If you are interested in starting new organizations, or joining the following, contact Irene Ryan at the CPCS SAC office: Student Advocacy Center, ACCESS, Bi-Lingual/Bi-Cultural Club, Veteran's Union, A.R.M.S., Gospel Club and Cultural Events.

Wavelength

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editorial

BUILDING CHANGE... DREDGING GHOSTS

"There is blood in these stones," commented an editor earlier this afternoon. "Our magazine should reflect that. We should get away from this dry sterility. We should dredge up the ghosts."

Indeed. With the start of Volume Three, *Wavelength* once again begins its reckless annual dive into the perils of student publishing. It seems curious, the middle ground this magazine must tread; how it must necessarily change with the advent of each new school year, so as to remain fresh and alive, and yet maintain the quality and consistency the UMass public has come to expect. But what should these changes be? When will we know that we've stepped too far over the line, or conversely, remained too staid and conservative? Will our decisions be applauded or reviled?

Yes, there are those individuals (the aforementioned editor included) who would like to see this magazine adopt a more literary bent, nostalgically recalling, perhaps, the halycon days of *Loam*. Sure, there's something to be said for that. There certainly are enough good poets and writers of fiction on this campus to support such a publication. But with the Regents, the merger, the incredible slashing of work-study, there are simply too many stories here that are begging for the approach and insight a magazine article can bring.

Perhaps a middle ground would be best -- a publication that can serve the need for information, and yet give these unsung muses the exposure they deserve.

You may notice that the magazine you are holding doesn't exactly fit the specifications just mentioned. In fact, your initial response may well be one of confusion and bewilderment.

"What *is* this stuff?" you say to yourself. "Where's financial aid?" you mutter, losing control. "Where's the merger? *Where the hell are the Regents?*"

Okay, so with the exception of Ken Tangvik's overview of the Hall bill and Beth Bagley and Laura Montgomery's collaboration on the Freshman Peer Counselling Program, most of our stories in this issue are pretty light and innocuous. So lighten up already. It's only the end of summer. You'll be hearing more than you want to know about these characters soon enough.

Incidentally, it has been proposed that we consider changing the name of the magazine. Any ideas? The name *Wavelength* doesn't exactly dredge up many ghosts, does it? Perhaps it's time for a new name; write us and tell us what you think.

Anyway, here's hoping we all have a productive and satisfying academic year. Maybe we'll even find a few of those spirits, if we look hard enough, and we certainly can't fail to suck a little blood from the campus with perseverence and determination. And don't forget; if you're interested in working on *Wavelength* in any capacity, we're still located on the 6th floor of building 1, room 091, pending our getting a nicer office.

Eric Stanway

news brief

NEW PRIORITIES...

Considering President Reagan's proclivity for stringent budget cutting in terms of social programs, and at the same time boosting the military budget to unheard-of levels, we thought he should take a closer look at some of these figures:

*Marching bands: $98 million/year.
*Military servants: $6 million/year.
*Gazebos: $65,000/year (14 generals have near their houses garden gazebos that need maintenance).
*Air Force Bowling Tour: $110,000/year.
Lawn Maintenance: $385,000/year.

In addition, the government shelled out $6,500 for federal PR operatives to attend a recent seminar on how to get their stories on TV.

House Republicans gathering to meet with Reagan shunned the bar while the TV lights were on, apparently fearful that the cameras would show them swilling booze. A rush for drinks began the moment the lights went off.

"GRAFFITI IS NOT COOL"

Springfield officials and businessmen recently launched a campaign to persuade youths with the graffiti urge to make posters to show "Graffiti Is Not Cool" instead of writing on downtown buildings. The campaign is being backed by a group of business leaders, city officials and civic organizations. The winning poster will be duplicated by funds provided by upper State street businesses and will be distributed throughout the city.

The Boston Globe

WHAT DINAH SAW

A group of three explorers are presently preparing for an expedition into darkest Africa in search of an animal natives call "mokole mbembe." From the descriptions provided, they believe it to be a type of Brontosaurus, having survived from the Jurassic Era of some 200 million years ago.

Over the past two centuries, there have been many reported sightings of the giant reptile, which natives say frightens away hippopotami. Recently a crocodile specialist working near Lake Tele in the Congo photographed a clawed, 36-inch footprint natives identified as belonging to the animal.

The Brontosaurus, a herbivorous dinosaur with a long neck and whiplash tail, was believed to have lived primarily in the water, where it fed on lakeside plants. The bouyancy of the water helped prevent the bones of the animal from being crushed under its own tremendous body weight, as well as providing refuge from predators.

Reports by the natives seem to bear this out; they claim the mokele mbembe only comes out of the water at dusk and dawn to feed. They also back up its herbivorous habits, though state it unwise to approach the animal, as there have been several deaths as a result.

The region in which the brownish-gray beast is supposed to live is poorly mapped and virtually unexplored by the pygmies who live there. The expedition team claims that the region has changed very little in the past 70 million years. "So if there is a relic species," said expedition leader Mackal, "this would be a good place for it... It's like a lost world in some ways."

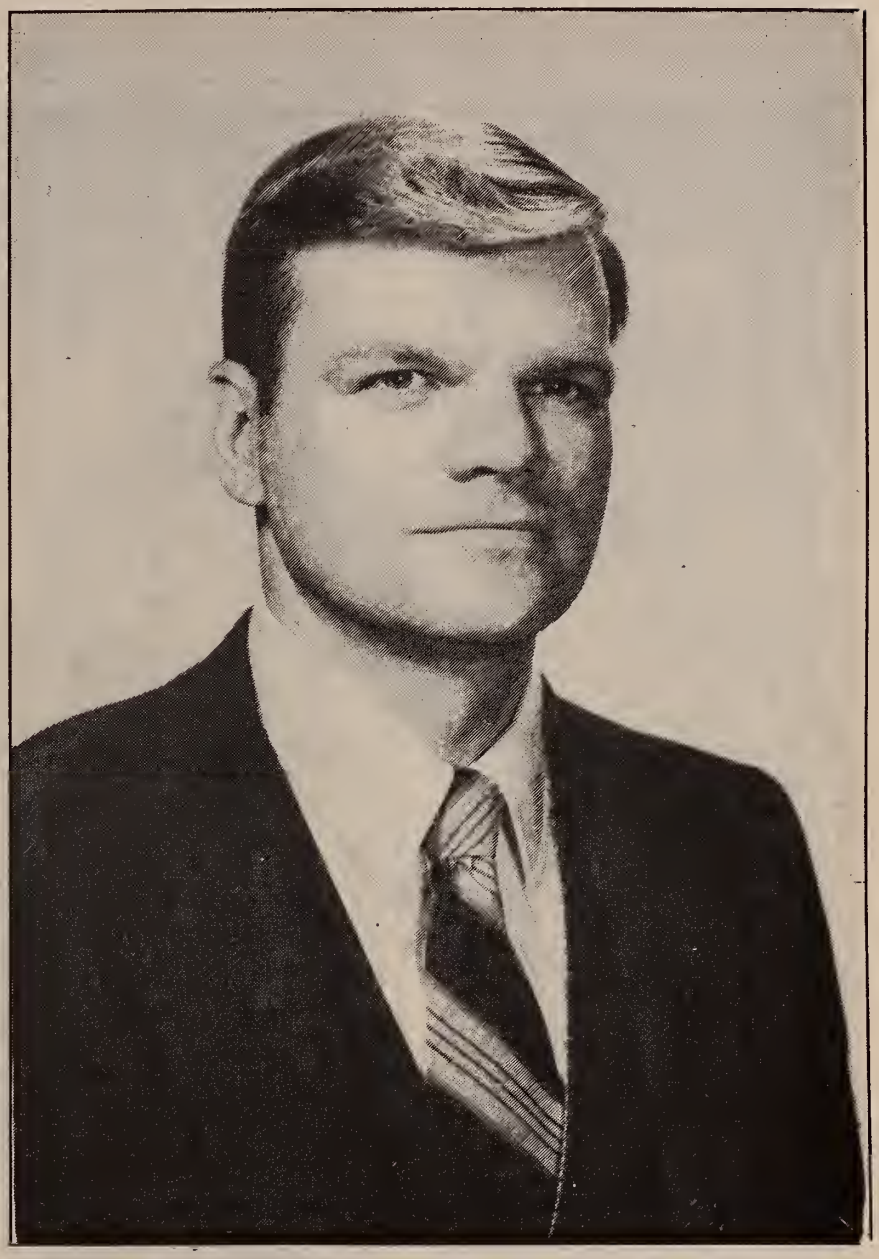
The Boston Globe

"The despotism of a government at home increases in proportion to the increase and strengthening of its army and its external successes; and the aggressiveness of governments grows in proportion to the increase of their internal despotism."

Leo Tolstoy

HOW TO WIN A WAR

by Ken Tangvik



Senator/Marine Bob Hall—God, Guts, Guns

The institution of a military draft in the United States has historically been met with resistance. From the New York draft riots of 1863, to the massive draft card burnings during the Vietnam war, to the recent civil disobedience at Post Offices, large numbers of Americans have opposed registration and the draft because of moral, political, or religious reasons.

Traditionally, the United States government has justified the need for a draft by claiming that in time of war, a volunteer system has not been able to provide enough qualified manpower to guarantee national security. Therefore, men have been forced by law to kill and die for the state. Some opponents of the draft believe that all wars are morally wrong and that the state should not have the power to force a person to participate in an immoral act. They believe that every citizen has a democratic right to decide whether she or he wishes to support or participate in the destruction of human life and the violence that is inherent in any war. Other opponents of the draft are not necessarily morally opposed to war, but for political reasons decide that they cannot support their own government in a particular war.

For instance, many draft resisters during the Vietnam war stated that they would not support what they described as U.S. imperialism and many believed that the NLF in South Vietnam was the politically correct side to support.

The last mandatory draft occurred during the middle 1960's and early 1970's. During the 1967-68 alone, the draft triggered demonstrations at more than 25% of American colleges and universities. However, because most university students (most of whom were white and middle-class) could easily obtain deferments, it was the poor, minority, and workingclass youth who were the victims of the military draft. While thousands of minority and working-class men were being killed on the front lines of Vietnam, the more fortunate, such as

"The initiation of the draft on Saturday in the ninth congressional district was characterized by riotous demonstrations from 10 in the morning until late at night. ...no one anticipated resistance at so early a stage in the execution of the law. ...the mob rushed furiously into the office on the first floor where the draft was going, on, seizing the books, papers, records, lists etc. all of which were destroyed. The drafting officers were set upon with stones and clubs."

New York Times, *July 14, 1863*

Chip Carter, President Carter's son, obtained deferments and eluded the draft and the war. In 1973, under great pressure from the public, the draft law was repealed by Congress and by the soon-to-be-dismantled Nixon administration.

In July of 1980, President Carter called for draft registration in response to the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. The Selective Service and the Carter administration were troubled, however, by the lack of response by 19-20 year olds. A study published in the Boston Globe on Aug. 27, 1980 reported that nationwide, 25% of 19-20 year old men chose to defy the law. The penalty for not registering was up to 5 years imprisonment and a $10,000 fine. Government officials openly admitted that it would be extremely difficult to prosecute the hundreds of thousands of youths who refused to register. Presently, the Reagan administration has continued the registration process, and is being pressured to reconsider the reinstitution of a national military draft.

Although Reagan campaigned with an anti-draft position, there are several reasons that could lead one to believe that the government is slowly preparing for a peace-time military draft. Some of the reasons are the following;

* There is a growing consensus among conservatives, moderates, and liberals that the U.S. should, as a priority, build up its conventional forces (such as, the Rapid Deployment Force) for possible intervention in strategic areas, for instance in the Middle East.

* The latest Supreme Court decision concerning women and the draft has now removed all legal obstacles to prosecuting resisters.

* Senate bill S756 introduced by Senator Ernest Hollings (D-S.C.) and House bill HR1210 by Rep. Charles Wilson (D-Texas) would resurrect the Military Selective Service Act.

New York Draft riots - 1863

* Another House bill, HR1500, proposed by Rep. Sonny Montgomery (D-Miss) and Rep. Marjorie Holt (R-MD), would amend the draft law to allow for the induction of up to 200,000 men per year for 12 weeks of active duty training followed by a six-year obligation in the individual Ready Reserve.

* The Selective Service has sent out 150 letters to some of those who failed to register last July telling them they are in violation of the law.

* The Selective Service is preparing draft law training sessions for October for 10,000 people who have been recruited to serve on local draft boards.

* Reagan has quietly appointed a new head of the Selective Service.

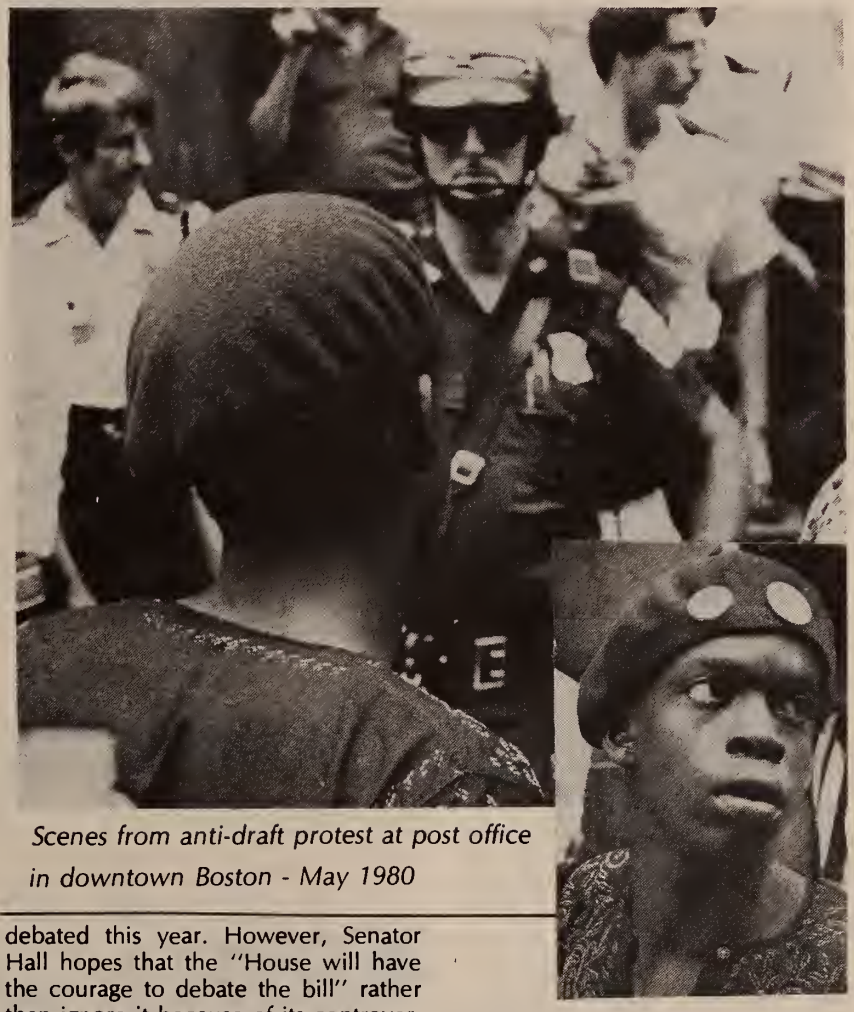
"Policemen and federal agents brought to the federal building yesterday about 100 men of draft age who had failed to register for service under the selective service law. Three of the men arrested at the anti-draft meeting held in Harlem on Tuesday night were indicted by the Grand Jury yesterday."

New York Times, *June 15, 1917*

* In the *L.A. Times* on May 20, 1981, Defense Secretary Casper W. Weinberger said Reagan will probably support the reinstatement of the military draft if the armed services were unable to meet recruiting requirements. "We are asking for a lot of expansion and we will need more people than we have now", Weinberger stated.

* The *Washington Post* on July 11, 1981, reported that the army has told Defense Secretary Weinberger in a "secret" report that almost 100,000 more soldiers will be needed to carry out President Reagan's military strategy and that it doubts they can be recruited under the "volunteer concept", suggesting a draft may be required.

* Because of the "secret" report by the army, the Reagan administration has announced the formation of a high-level manpower task force that officials acknowledge could lead to a recommendation of some type of draft to augment or to replace the volunteer force. Several Pentagon sources have stated that the army is eventually counting on a draft.



Scenes from anti-draft protest at post office in downtown Boston - May 1980

The federal government seems to be moving in the direction of a military draft, and here in Massachusetts there is a proposed legislative bill that would force public high schools to provide on request lists of its graduates to the local armed services recruiting offices. Senate bill 2154, sponsored by Senate minority whip Robert Hall (R-Fitchberg), was passed in the Senate by a vote of 19-11. However, it has recently been buried in the House Ways and Means Committee. Opponents of the legislation hope that the bill will die a quiet death in the House commitee, and will not be debated this year. However, Senator Hall hopes that the "House will have the courage to debate the bill" rather than ignore it because of its controversial nature.

Hall, a Marine sargeant with 15 years of service, has two used bomb detonators on his Senate office desk which he uses for paper weights. He is a strong promoter of the God, Guts, and Guns mentality that characterizes the U.S. Marine Corps. Hall came across the idea for his pro-military bill while reading the *Marine Corps Gazette*, a military magazine which originally proposed the idea of such a law. Hall stated that because "52% of army personnel read at the 6th grade level or below," the answer is to get more educated men into the military forces. He feels that his proposed bill would accomplish just that.

Opponents to the so-called Hall bill fear the consequences if it should become state law. Louise Bruyn of the American Friends Service Committee believes that the Hall bill "could only lead to a greater militarization of our society." She also stated that the bill could allow the government to interfere in the private lives of its citizens. Opponents also point out that Hall's bill would make it easier for the government to prosecute young men who fail to register for the draft.

In the meantime, Hall says he will continue to lobby for his bill, although he admits he will have a tough time. It

"Thousands of anti-war demonstrators marched through the streets of Manhattan yesterday. ...the number of demonstrators was estimated to be between 100,000 and 125,000. ...an hour before the parade started about 70 young men gathered to burn their draft cards. They were quickly joined by others and demonstrators said that nearly 200 cards were burned. It was the first large draft-card burning in the protests against the war in Vietnam."

New York Times, *April 16, 1967*

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has become clear to observers that Hall is both determined and emotional about this particular piece of legislation. During an anti-Hall bill demonstration at the State House, Hall admittedly directed hostility and anger towards the protesters, referring to them as "scum" while he was being interviewed in front of T.V. cameras.

Because of the strong military mood of the state and country, anti-draft and religious groups in the Boston area have become concerned about the possibility of a military draft. Former UMass/Boston faculty member Leslie Cagan, who is now working full-time for the Mobilization for Survival, stated, "all indications are that the Reagan administration will call for a draft. It could happen really fast." Amanda Claybourne, a volunteer for Boston Area Alliance Against Registration and the Draft (B.A.A.R.D), stated that "Reagan is being slowly pressured by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to reinstate the draft." Claybourne also pointed out that the Selective Service has obtained a new building in Washington D.C.

Recently, the Catholic Church of Boston decided to support the right of Catholics to refuse military service on moral grounds. The Catholic Bishops of the United States declared that they "support the right of conscientious objection as a valid moral position derived from the Gospel and Catholic teaching and recognized as well in U.S. Civil law."The bishops believe that any government decision "should always be morally scrutinized by citizens asked to support the decision to participate in war." The Catholic Bishops regard conscientious objection as a central element of Catholic teaching on the morality of war. The church will maintain a permanent file of letters from conscientious ob jectors indicating their intentions of seeking conscientious objector status when and if conscripted into the military. The church is urging all young men who choose to be conscientious objectors to file a statement so as to go on record now. The advantage of this is that under a new Selective Service

"Draft registration opponents and construction workers clashed outside the U.S. Post Office in downtown Boston yesterday, the first day of national compliance for 19-20 year olds under the new selective service law. Demonstrations occured at many of the nation's 34,000 post offices which have been designated as the official draft registration centers."

Boston Globe, *July 22, 1980*

regulation, a formal request for conscientious objector status cannot be made until after notice of induction. However, once one receives notification, the individual has as little as ten days to signify intent, gather information, and prepare a credible rationale for his position. Filing early allows time to prepare. Cardinal Medieros has directed the Archdiocesian Justice and Peace Commission to establish and maintain a confidential registry of letters submitted by men who intend to claim recognition as conscientious objectors, in anticipation of a possible return to peacetime conscription.

No one can say for sure how and when the military draft will be reinstituted. The United States government appears to be gradually preparing the nation's psyche for the possibility of a draft in the near future. One can only wonder what will come after the draft.

Over 1,100 UMass/Boston male students who are 20 years old or younger would be directly affected by a national military draft.

For those potential draftees who wish to either file for conscientious objector status, receive information and draft counseling, or work in the anti-draft movement, the following organizations are available in Boston.

B.A.A.R.D.
595 Mass. ave.
Cambridge MA
491-4694

National Lawyers Guild
120 Boylston st.
Boston MA
542-5415

American Friends Service Committee
2161 Mass. ave.
Cambridge MA
661-6130

Pax Christi Center on Conscience and War
5 Bigelow Road
Box 726
Cambridge MA
354-4354

Catholic Connection
27 Isabella st.
Boston MA
482-6295

Justice and Peace Commission
25 Union st.
Boston Ma 02108

VANISHING

by Eric Stanway

There'll always be an England
And England shall be free
If England means as much to you
As England means to me...

Abandoned houses in Gorton

The British Empire, as anyone with even the remotest familiarity with it could tell you, was an institution rife with contradictions and hypocrisy. The tremendous outpouring of Royalist fervour that greeted Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1887 proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the English public was all too willing to rejoice in colonial triumphs abroad while ignoring poverty at home. In fact, it may very well be true that the Royal tradition had something of a pacifying effect on the public; that, seeing a tremendous procession of monarchial regalia was enough to make them forget their dismal homes and rumbling stomachs.

It is not surprising, therefore, that so much media attention has been focused on the marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer. Diversion is what is needed now to take their minds away from the highest unemployment rate since the 1930's, double-digit inflation, and frequent vicious attacks by the IRA. In short, the Britain of 1981, under the rather doubtful supervision of conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, is not a pretty place. Most recently, a youth climbed a wall into a House of Commons garden, shouting: "I want to get Maggie Thatcher," as the Prime Minister addressed a noisy Parliament session on the urban violence that began in the London suburb of Brixton last month and has since spread north to Liverpool and Manchester.

This cycle of rioting is nothing new in England; similar events occured during the 1930's, when the government first attempted to instigate the "means test," meant to ascertain whether certain families were entitled to public assistance. What makes it notable, however, is that it heralds the failure of all the programs put forward by the socialist governments that have held power since the end of World War II to form an equilateral, state-run economy.

With this in mind, one is tempted to quote from George Orwell's *1984*, that cacatopian novel envisioning a totalitarian police state. There are certain, almost inevitable pitfalls involved in doing so. Since the time it was written, *1984* has degenerated into cliche. Its primary villians -- Miniluv, Big Brother, the Thought Police and so on --have become the boogie men of our fear that personal freedoms and individuality may some day be lost. Cutting through all this, one becomes aware of a single, most telling point: *1984* is not meant to be taken as a literal date. The England Orwell portrays, that of oily gin and Victory cigarettes, is the England of 1948. The scenario of the book reads like a pessimistic view of the conditions then present. The rotting Victorian tenements; the constant smell of boiled cabbage in the corridors; the indelible vision of an elderly woman poking away at a blocked drainage sluice with a stick; these are all things that Orwell himself saw and noted.

This, as Anthony Burgess noted in his *1985*, shows that Orwell was not really concerned with presenting a literal vision of the future, but treated the subject with the same kind of black humor present in *Animal Farm*. The most prominent aspects of oppression are parodies of everything he saw as being wrong with Soviet socialism. He had merely superimposed them onto the England he knew. Orwell was torn between two conflicting emotions; first, he idolized the working class and was appalled at the conditions they were living in. He nurtured a cozy, personal image of the working man sitting by the fire after a hard day at the mill, reading the racing forms. Needless to say, he favored some sort of socialism, but at the same time, was painfully aware of his own upper-class upbringing. He also looked back on what had been, and harbored a deep love and reverence for everything English. Burgess's *1985* differs from Orwell in that he has his protagonist victimized by the bureaucratic system that has been strangling England for years. The system that discourages business with monstrous taxes, and then penalizes the working sector with welfare taxes in order to support the steadily increasing ranks of the unemployed. We should not be surprised that the youth are rioting under these conditions.

Manchester is situated about twenty miles east of Liverpool, on the rivers Mersey and Erwell. The area it occupies is honeycombed with a network of sandstone caverns, which, until recently, housed many of the poor. Until recently, the standard form of housing was the "terraced" house, built in rows, attached at the back and sides, and small courtyards and alleys in between. The end house was generally occupied

MANCHESTER

PHOTOS BY ERIC STANWAY

The rotting Victorian tenements; the constant smell of boiled cabbage in the corridors . . . these are all things that Orwell himself saw and noted.

Stockport covered market

Market Hill, Stockport

by the foreman, who would patrol the streets each night to be sure that everyone was asleep by the curfew, so that they would be up bright and early, ready for work the next morning.

An immense number of small houses . . . of the most superficial character . . . are erected with a rapidity that astonishes people unacquainted with their flimsy structure. They have certainly avoided the objectionable mode of forming underground dwellings, but have (built) neither cellar nor foundation. The walls are only half a brick thick . . . and the whole of materials are slight and unfit for the purpose. They are built back-to-back; without ventilation or drainage; and, like a honeycomb, every particle of space is occupied.

Such was the description a contemporary observer gave of the worker's dwellings that were being constructed in and about Manchester in the 1840's. It is remarkable that, despite the horrible overcrowding these houses induced, they nonetheless eventually became lively, intensely communal centers of social life, as entire families were raised and employed, generation after generation, dealing with the same neighbors, for a good hundred years or more. In this respect, they stood as testimony to the strength of the human spirit, persevering under the most adverse conditions. Viewed from a distance, they even offer a sort of grimy charm; a kind of Dickensian nostalgia, if you will.

When Walter Sickert wrote; "the artist is he who can take a flint and wring out an attar of roses," he was actually referring to Spencer Gore, but the description fits the Mancunian artist L.S. Lowry even better. Lowry's prime

Victorian cast-iron and glass work

obsession was with the working class people of Salford, Gorton, and greater Manchester -- all areas that had become quickly urbanized and overpopulated with the advent of Britain's industrial revolution. Prior to the nineteenth century, Manchester had been a relatively unimportant city in economic terms, playing second fiddle to Liverpool, (which had always enjoyed a thriving seaport trade) and housing a marginal cottage industry.

By the 1840's, all that had changed. Hundreds of dark, smoke-belching mills sprang up all over the north of England, along with the hastily built houses the workers were meant to inhabit. And, as economic prosperity became an industrial, as opposed to agricultural, perogative, the northerners began to see themselves in a new light. People from the south were "soft," a waste of time, while they, the hard working and industrious part of the English populace, felt themselves somehow more noble by virtue of the nine-hour days they were putting in at the mill. There was, they felt, something inherently honest in their work, something the people from London could not possibly understand.

This, then, was the attitude Lowry conveyed in his paintings. Despite the horrible overcrowding and poverty that was the norm around Manchester, he managed to perceive and convey their basic integrity. Since Lowry did his greatest volume of work, however, a great deal of what he knew has almost entirely disappeared. Over the last forty or so years, entire neighborhoods have been uprooted *en masse*, and the tenants resituated in flats and council estates, their ancient and deteriorating houses razed to the ground. Such a concept is difficult for the average Bostonian to understand, and could only be equalled in the circumstance of City Hall opting to demolish the North End. The effect is staggering.

In my own case, this fact was brought home when I was walking through a part of Gorton that used to be my grandmother's childhood home. She had told me how, during the Great War (World War I), her mother had taken her shoping on Saturdays through this area. The biggest thrill of the day came when she purchased some licorice roots from the corner grocer, or perhaps an occasional orange. Oranges were especially prized, due to the wartime rationing. Looking at it then, it was hard to believe that it could have ever been a prosperous mercantile district. The shops adjoining the road were little more than caved out shells. Had I never known the place in its previous state, her anecdotes would have come across as little more than abstractions -- vague recollections of times long past. But I had walked down that street only eight years previous, and all the shops were open then. I couldn't believe it was even the same place. Condemned and scheduled for demolition as these shops were, they were still the only buildings standing in the immediate area. Cobblestone streets laced the bare landscape in a curiously pointless manner, skeletal relics of communities that no longer existed. And, to make the matter all the more poignant, a single row of Victorian houses stood in the distance, sadly alone. Vast stretches of open land greeted the eye where there had once been the streets where people lived out their lives. At once, I saw a painfully hunched figure, shuffling aimlessly across one of these lots. He seemed to be walking without any purpose, staring blankly off into the distance. Probably back to look at theold neighborhood, I thought. To remember all he did here. Not that there's much here to remind him of his memories.

It has been said that a great deal of an artist's success relies on "being in the right place at the right time," and Lowry seems to bear this out. Little attention was paid to his work until the 1960's, when the city council decided to step up their urban renewal project. As a result, his work suddenly attained a historical, as well as aesthetic significance, depicting a world that none of us will probably ever see.

An understanding of this last point is integral to any interpretation of Lowry's work. In his later pieces, notably *The Street* (1938) or *The Football Match* (1959), the individual figures are reduced to minimal symbols, populating and subjugated to the far more personified surroundings. In some respects, his work seems to fly directly in the face of the assumption that city life breeds alienation, as all of his pieces depict people engaged in pursuits as a whole, in an expression of communal joy. In *The Football Match*, we see in the foreground the tightly stacked houses in which the workers live; in the middle ground, the football match, where spectators are flowing in, in a massive, indistinguishable crowd; and, relegated to the background, the factories, which, though they are the sole means of employment in the community, must, for the time being, take a back seat to the sunday pastime.

Cobblestone streets laced the bare landscape in curiously pointless manner, skeletal relics of communities that no longer existed.

Lowry never treated his subjects with condescension or pity. In fact, he once said that he considered the northern working class to be "among the happiest people on earth," citing, as he did so, the enormous degree to which the working class relied on each other for support and encouragement in their day-to-day lives. His art shows that belief. The bold, primitive lines which characterize his later works bespeak the crude emotional strength of the northern worker.

A block of the few surviving terraced houses in Manchester

But surely, one asks, any change from the environment built by these Victorian industrialists has to be an improvement? Perhaps, but it is also possible that improvement is not the sole motive in these changes. Due in part to the complaints mentioned before -- of horrible overcrowding in terribly inferior housing -there has been a subtle guilt complex atwork in the minds of the Manchester housing commissions. The poor have been moved out of their slums and into new corporation estates, and the inevitable result is the breaking of old familial bonds and a new sense of alienation that was not present before. Well-meant as the intentions may be, they are only serving to aggravate an already intolerable situation. As long ago as 1936 George Orwell saw what was coming:

> *To revert to the second of the two corporation houses I have just mentioned. The tenant complained that the house was cold, damp, and so forth. Perhaps the house was jerry-built, but equally probably he was exaggerating. He had come there from a filthy hovel in the middle of Wigan which I happened to have inspected previously; while there had been every effort made to get hold of a corporation house, and he was no sooner in the corporation house than he wanted to get back into the slum ... In very many cases ... I found that the people who live in corporation houses don't really like them. They are glad to get out of the slum ... but they don't feel at home. They miss the frowsy warmth of the slum ... They complain that they are "out in the country" i.e. on the edge of town, and that they are "starving" (freezing).*

This attitude might, on the surface, be viewed as sheer capriciousness; the slum-dweller is unwilling to sacrifice a familiar lifestyle for the sake of his children. But there is more to it than that. The corporation estates have carried the idea of the slum one further. They have been built for the sole purpose of housing workers in the easiest and most economical manner, yet fail to take into account that there is a sizable difference between a model on an architect's table and an actual community. There is a tendency to treat the working class like so much livestock, whose only purpose is to work, and go to bed, so that they can concentrate on their work. The corporation houses look marginally cleaner than the slums, but one wonders whether that fact really helps the workers so much as it eases the collective conscience of the wealthier classes. They are not neighborhoods so much as glorified rabbit hutches, not built for people, but mindless automatons.

It would seem that almost every aspect of the British public is dissatisfied with this arrangement. The old feel as though they are living in a world they never made, and the young realize that they certainly aren't responsible for the conditions at hand. Perhaps the England they look back to never really existed, but belongs in the same category as Ronald Reagan's Norman Rockwell-like America. Orwell is no doubt rolling over in his grave. The image of 1984 he envisioned may not come about, but the world he knew is dead. One is reminded of that scene from *Coming Up For Air,* where his hero goes back to his childhood home to grasp something he lost. Of course, the grocery store his father managed is gone, a huge superhighway runs through the center of the village, and the pond he used to fish in as a boy is full of garbage.

Dear Student:

A hearty welcome to incoming freshmen and returning students. We hope you had a pleasant summer.

We invite all to participate in our intramural athletic/recreation programs and to use our spanking-new Catherine Forbes Clark Athletic/Recreation Center.

This contains a 140' x 200'gymnasium with three basketball courts; a regulation 200' x 85' skating facility; a six-lane, T-shaped swimming pool suitable for various competitions; a popular weight room plus creative and gymnastic rooms.

In addition, we have squash and racketball courts and extensive locker rooms in the 020 and 010 buildings, plus outside fields for soccer and softball.

Nearby is the 1981-82 Intramural Athletic/Recreation schedule. We hope you'll find an activity to your liking and will participate.

Clark Center will be open Monday-Friday during the academic year from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday-Sunday, 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Wishing you a successful year.

Cordially,
Charlie Titus
Athletic Director

UMASS/BOSTON ATHLETIC FACILITIES

INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS/RECREATION PROGRAM
(August 31, 1981-May 5, 1982)

Fall-1981

SPORT	MGR'S MEETING	ENTRY DEADLINE	PLAY BEGINS
Coed Softball MWF 2:30-4:00	Sept. 8,9	Sept. 11	Sept. 16
Flag Football Tu Th 2:30-4:00	Sept. 15,16	Sept. 18	Sept.23
Badminton (120) MW 3:30-4:30	Oct. 14	Oct. 16	Oct. 19
Coed Volleyball(120) Tu Th 2:30-4:00	Oct. 15	Oct. 16	Oct. 20
Basketball (120) MWF 2:30-4:00	Oct. 21,22	Oct. 23	Oct. 28
Ice Hockey Tu Th 12:00-2:30	Oct. 13	Oct. 16	Oct. 27
Handicapped Athletic/ Recreation Activities	T.B.A.		

Spring-1982

SPORT	MGR'S MEETING	ENTRY DEADLINE	PLAY BEGINS
Coed Basketball (120) MWF 2:30-4:00	Jan. 20,21	Jan. 22	Jan. 27
Coed Floor Hockey (020) MWF 2:30-4:00	Jan. 25,26	Jan. 29	Feb. 3
Water Basketball Tu Th 2:30-4:00	March 10,11	March 12	March 22
Indoor Soccer (020) Tu Th 2:30-4:00	Jan. 19,20	Jan. 22	Jan. 26
Water Polo MWF 2:30-4:00	March 9,10	March 12	March 23
Ice Hockey Tu Th 1:00-3:00	Continued From Fall		

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dates and Times
to be Announced

Superstars - (FALL/SPRING)

Racquetball Pyramid - (FALL/SPRING)

Hot Shot and Four Shooting Competition - (SPRING)

Racquetball and Squash Tournament - (SPRING)

Powerlifting Meet - (SPRING)

Ice Skating Instruction - (SPRING)

CLASSES	DAY	TIME
Exercise Class	MWF Tu Th	12:00-1:00 5:15-6:15
Aerobic Class	M-F	2:30-3:30
Scuba Class	F	4:00-7:00
Yoga Class	MWF	1:00-2:00
Swimming Classes Beginners Intermediate Advanced Life Saving	TBA	 4:00-5:00 4:00-5:00 4:00-5:30

OPTING FOR SELF-RELIANCE

by Dennis Lordan

In response to an editorial in the July 8th. *Mass Media* entitiled"Time for More and for Better", we at *Wavelength* have decided to do some digging into Co-operative ventures and introduce our readers to the workings of the Co-op Bank in Washington, D.C. The editorial stressed cooperation among UMass Harborians to ease the burden instigated by the budget cutting federal administration bent on balancing books by betting on private industry to buoy the economy. Nobody at UMass needs to be told that the honeymoon is over. We have all felt the thirst for dollars and services other civilized industrial nations provide for their citizens. There has recently become available a way for us to break from government insensibility: the National Consumer Cooperative Bank.

The Co-op Bank was created by Congress to help fight "inflation and economic depression" by providing loans and technical assistance to consumer and producer co-ops. Consumer co-ops are non-profit enterprises democratically owned and operated by consumers to provide goods and services ranging from food and housing to auto repair and health care. Producer co-ops are enterprises owned and operated by the employees.

The Co-op Bank helps consumer and producer co-ops in three main ways:

* *The Bank Fund*, authorized under Title I of the National Consumer Cooperative Bank Act, lends money to co-ops at prevailing market interest rates.

* *The Self-Help Fund* gives capital advances -- in some cases at lower than prime interest rates -- to co-ops that aren't eligible for regular Bank loans. That includes co-ops too new to have a financial history, co-ops that are in temporary financial trouble, and co-ops that are run by or for low income citizens. The Self-Help Fund is authorized under Title II.

* *The Office of Technical Assistance* gives co-op board members and staffs training and assistance in management, financial planning, marketing and member services. Co-ops pay back most of the costs of technical assistance. This service is also authorized under Title II.

Since 1979, most Co-op Bank financing has come from the US Government --depending on how much the Congress appropriates for the Government to buy Co-op Bank stock. The key to future independence of the Co-op Bank is its stock sales.

Here's how the stock sales work:

Right now, there are three classes of Co-op Bank stock: Class A, which the US Treasury bought to finance the Bank's start-up operations, and Class B and Class C, which are owned by co-ops.

Whenever a co-op borrows money from the Bank, it must automatically buy Class B stock. The Bank varies the amount of stock each co-op must buy, depending on factors such as the size of the loan and the co-op's financial condition. But by law, the amount of stock must range between 1 and 10 percent of the loan's face value.

When co-ops have purchased $3 million worth of Class B and C stocks, the co-op shareholders will elect three of the fifteen members of the Co-op Bank's board of directors -- now appointed by President Reagan. When co-ops have purchased $10 million worth of stock, they will elect six board members.

As this process continues, the Co-op Bank will begin buying back - or "retiring" - the Treasury's Class A stock. Eventually, co-ops will own and control the Co-op Bank. Thus far, co-ops have purchased 36 percent of the stock necessary to elect three board members.

Some of you may be wondering, "If co-ops are such hot shit, why hasn't the Reagan Administration cut off their funding?" In February of this year, the White House Office of Management and Budget (OMB) asked Congress to "terminate" the Bank, by retracting its funds for the third and fourth quarters of fiscal year 1981 and revoking its charter. Under federal guidelines, a formal request for recission results in an automatic 45-day freeze on funds, pending congressional decision. But the Bank received an unexpected boost on April 13 when Congress' General Accounting Office told OMB it had overstepped its authority in freezing Title I funds. The GAO ordered OMB to release some $60 million dollars to be

used by the US Treasury to purchase Class A stock in the Bank. It is puzzling that David Stockman and the OMB would want to sound the death knell for the Bank. Co-ops, through the Co-op Bank, offer development programs rather than maintenance and income-transfer programs as the means of attacking problems of poverty and urban distress. Co-ops represent a commitment to local initiative rather than federal prescription. Many conservatives find common ground with spokespersons of the left who believe that local people working together should determine development priorities for their communities. Cooperatives are organized by local people and involve incentives to private enterprise rather than direct government assistance. The Bank acts as a valuable instrument for financing a range of important development projects.

The idea of using federal dollars to leverage larger sums of private capital is one with which policy analysts all along the political boardwalk tend to agree. Because the Bank's strategies and programs are not yet fixed in concrete, it is well suited to experiment with new strategies for leveraging bank and other institutional credit. The Co-op Bank could play a valuable role in helping to create new "development" credit instruments which would provide local lenders both high yields and reasonable risk protection.

Applications for loans are pouring into the Bank at the rate of $60 million per month, exceeding the most optimistic projections of the Bank's enabling legislation. The Bank's loan portfolio is about evenly divided between commercial and housing loans -- although housing loans, because they are relatively large, are represented by roughly two-thirds of the loans' proceeds. Housing loans have prevented the displacement of more than 5,000 low and middle income tenants who otherwise would have been forced out by rising rents and condo conversions. Bank loans have helped protect small businesses and provide goods and services in urban neighborhoods abandoned by chain stores. Citing these achievements, the Bank could be a model of how government in the 1980's can stimulate economic development through an initial infusion of funds and then an emphasis on community self-reliance.

What does all this mean for UMass Boston? It translates into a hearty recommendation for student input at our local Co-operatives. The UMass Food & Nutrition Group (i.e. Earth Foods Restaurant) is a member of the New England Food Co-op of Cambridge (NEFCO). This group of students have looked into the possibility of forming a food store outlet, but ran into the logistic difficulties of delivery and more especially of storage of provision at UMass; in addition to an apparent lack of interest, due no doubt to the inconvenience of hauling groceries from UMB to a T station in Outer Mongolia or wherever we scatter to get home. There are Co-ops in the area to plug into: The Dorchester House Co-op and The Nine Hills Co-op operate here in Dorchester and constantly seek new members. Better yet, if our campus closet grocers would step forward and our current shopping habits and loyalties were transferred from local supermarkers to UMB's very own Co-op, we would be moving in a direction of community fulfillment: "a restructuring of perspective from 'I' to 'We' " as proposed in the editorial. There's no need to stop at a Food Co-op either; housing, energy, credit union, or even Bicycle Co-operatives could further enhance self-reliance and interdependence at UMB.

Cooperatives are a major part of the U.S. agricultural system, and according to Peter Taggart, head of the Economic Development Office at UMass Amherst; "Cooperatives are a valuable source of student endeavor and education. A deep sense of commitment and student interdependence grows out of the need to keep the project thriving. Huge amounts of volunteer energy keeps the student owned food co-op, restaurant (Earth Foods), and credit union functioning at UMA. Without the volunteer efforts, there would be nothing here to boast about." The key to co-op failure is mismanagement and Peter admits to the demise of the Campus stereo Component Co-op, pointing out that; "folks who ran the place were not very scrupulous and this lack of good intention soon left the shelves empty of stereo equipment." I guess you can't win them all, Pete. But here at UMB, not only is the lack of any co-op activity a great. loss of education-and oportunity, it also disallows effective student impact in creating new economic activity where such activity has been absent. However, the strategy promulgated at UMB seems to be also the battle-cry of CMPS' students: GFTT... Go For The Throat! Now that I've covered student impotence and fragmentation at UMB, I shall sum up by adding... pfffffffffffft! That old economic adage rings true, "the more you pay, the more it's worth." It's relevance to student cooperation cannot be emphasized strongly enough.

Just because UMB provides us with a feeble Co-op contact through Earth Foods Restaurant, this does not justify ignorance of the Cooperative alternative. Hopefully, I have not sacrificed a pleasant summer day in a vain attempt to hold forth to the UMass community the means for coping with unpleasant economic realities.

Oil and Blood

PHOTOS BY KEVIN WALLACE

"In tombs of gold and lapis lazuli
Bodies of holy men and women exude
Miraculous oil, odor of violet.

But under heavy loads of trampled clay
Lie the bodies of the vampires full of blood;
Their shrouds are bloody and their lips are wet."

W.B. Yeats

In the still young Hudson River Valley, in the early 19th century, the white settlers had yet little history or tradition. History binds a people to the earth, gives continuity, is vital. Washington Irving evoked from the earth a sense of history, with his strange ghost stories of headless horsemen, and long sleeps of remembering. So the mind of man stretched back into the moss of time, and history was awakened. So too might we here at UMass, this young school made of polished buildings, evoke our tradition. We have only to look. For indeed there is something of great age here, there are ghosts afoot.

From almost any angle, but especially from the Kennedy Library, UMass is a castle. Its ramparts shoot straight out of the now green but untended fields round about. Its towers are of red brick, not ivory, but stretch nevertheless into the clear air. The walls cannot be scaled from the back, and the broad plazas from out of which rise the proud towers are invisible, defended by the protecting walls. But all its commerce, spoken, heard, paid for and earned, passes freely in and out of the front entrances.

On the plazas there is much life, but there is still more life inside the towers, and upwards, where learning lives. From the heights are the commanding views of Boston to the north, and Dorchester Bay, to the east, and south, and west. The waters nearly wash the walls, and protect them on three sides. Inside these towers, in the clearest air, are heard the voices of the past, day after day. They ring with wisdom true and sure, but often only reassuring.

Outside and close by swoop huge jets, threatening their largeness. But they float noiselessly by, not disturbing the still air where the voices of the past reassure. Inside learning has made the world safe, and learning safe, and the problems of learning stretch only as far as the windows, always closed, not even rattling as the huge jets fly past. The loads of baked clay are piled up, in honor of learning that would hearken to all voices, that would follow the scents of any trails, no matter how deep. But too often these voices are mere odor of violet.

But in the evenings, or on the weekends, or when the dream fog sits on the plaza, one hears other life. It seems strange and far away, barely heard. It is not up, in the brick towers, where things sleep dreamlessly. It is down, a groundswell barely sensed from the plaza, barely vibrating. Far away and down from the heavy head, down in the dark sexual regions of

UMass, there is activity. Down on the lowest level, G1, there is life. It is easier to hear after all the animals- Bugs, Bobcats, Colts and Pintos- have gone. After all their movement, there is yet something moving, easier to hear now in the quiet. On the G1 level is more than a parking lot. There are rooms of secrets here too.

Behind grey doors under the library, sometimes left open, is a queer bone shop. Piled or strewn about are the whitened worn out old pipes, or gleaming new ones, that carry water and air above. Rolls of snow fence rest in the corner. Dumb sheets of steel, scraps and leftovers lie about, and the rhythmic click and soft hum that comes from three tall blue metal cases are the only life here. But the cases are unheralded, nearly undefined, with their double row of sixteen small white lights, and dials quite alive, marking out tiny numbers. They go nearly unnoticed.

Under Building II is the boiler room. Hidden behind grey doors is the heart-humming and pounding. It is a swirl of pipes and tubes, coils and wires, twisting and turning, running all this way and that, nearly colliding, yet finding with some great ease and swiftness each appointed task. Up from here to the towers goes the running water. Up from here goes vital air, to fill in swirls the sealed rooms, or to sit at times, barely eddying, making such quiet that those above become suddenly aware that the jets make no noise, floating outside. The electric boilers, standing attentive in a neat row, spark the life of the great fortress, flow and swirl ceaselessly. And the rhythmic click and soft hum of three blue metal cases off in the corner continues too, but barely noticed, its double row of lights and small dials going quietly about their work.

Under Building I are a series of storage rooms, each behind closed doors face one another. And again, in one of them, in the corner, behind piles of paint cans and glass panes, sheets of steel and weird tools, three metal blue cases hum softly, click rhythmically.

Off in the corners of G1 are sudden twists in the concrete walls, revealing unthought of corners, unused and dusty. So too are the bases of half used and mostly forgotten stairways, where they halt abruptly, facing strong concrete walls. There are places for hiding and for forgetting all that lies above.

But at the bottom of the elevator shaft, under the science building, is a single door, closed above a doorstep of concrete two feet high. The door is marked "Methane Control," and inside, in the middle of the small room, heralded at last by the grey door, are three blue metal cases. Inside these cases are sensing systems, mechanically enlivening the double row of white lights and the small dials.

Sophisticated entities have within them systems for communicating with the world, as well as with themselves. These nervous systems develop in part as a result of the environment in which the being lives. They develop in response to threats to its life. Thus a bobcat enjoys a keen sense of smell, with which it locates food as well as potential enemies. The bobcat can also bristle, and arch its back at the approach of a foe. This too is part of its nervous system. The average student has no need of such acute olfactory sense, but in his own way he arches his back, hisses and runs at the approach of an enemy, such as an idea difficult to tangle with. However it is, a fine system of nerves permeates the being, making in its watching and waiting a mindful whole.

In soft whirs and clicks, the blue metal cases watch and wait, ever sensing. In a thousand motions, they sniff the air of the buildings above, through tiny sensors in hallways, classrooms, offices and stairways. In electronic blips they smell the air, and rush back to the blue cases to report what they have sensed. When the air is pure and safe for the humans, the clicks remain rhythmic, the tiny lights follow one on another, each in its turn a sensor in a different part of the fortress above, tensing, over and over, to the air.

In the even darker places, under the concrete, where it is no longer possible to descend, there are sensors too. Under the concrete is a layer of plastic, to hide what is beneath. And under the

plastic is gravel, four feet deep, packed and crushing what is yet deeper, where the sensors go. They reach into the earth, or what is becoming earth under the trampled clay.

The many miles of wires, the sensors and tubes, the lights and dials are the life and activity below the towers, but they are not the only life here. They are there to wait and sense a life as persistent as the rhythmic lights. For after the other life is gone, in the evenings, one hears the humming and clicking. But among the busy whirs and hums, the clicking and rushing, or perhaps beneath all those, is some life, some activity slower and more secret, and even harder to hear. There is another voice in these depths, an even lower one, that the blue cases are here to sense.

Beneath the hard concrete, the sealed plastic, the crushing gravel, lies the refuse of wasted civilization. UMass is built over a huge landfill. Far below, piled in heaps, and crushed and rotting is age and hoar. The trampled clay of the towers above crushes the tangled mess below. It rots together, blood and bone, paper and metal.

And crushed together, this dark swamp seethes. It drips slowly, drop by drop, down and out to the sea. It oozes strange tars, creeping along, alive. It bubbles heavily, primordial gases, ammonia and methane. This warm bog hearkens sluggishly to a new, darker life, and restless, it moves in gaseous wisps, out of its aged pools of blood and garbage, and upwards. It struggles to rise into the towers above, out of the black lightless ground, to wisp with hoarse poison breaths in the air of the sealed rooms above.

And so the sensors must be here too, reaching from above into the gravel, into the earth, to wait and smell this poison life. A web of pipes, lying large, stern and rigid in the ground senses, and opens to the bubbling methane. The gas lurks and seethes, rising as it will through the pipes, and gathers together.

The blue cases are finely tuned, to smell with air-like precision the concentration of the methane. And when it becomes too great, the mere earth gas is dispersed into that air where, overcome with light and largeness, it dissolves. If some finds its cautious creeping way into the towers above, it too is caught by the wakeful sensors, and pushed into the outer air.

But the business of the dark swamp goes on, swelling and heaving each minute after minute. And so with lighted dials and rows of white lights must the sensors go on, each minute after minute, not pausing to renew, dogging after the life below. The blue cases merely circle their patterns, come around again to yet another circuit of the system, aping mechanically the swamp, surging in itself in round bubbles, only to circle round another and another. The sensors know and do not rest; there is something alive down there.

Speaketh With Cloudy Tongue

i like my tongue
capturing snow
each flake settles like
a sentence on my brain
melts away to become
this line travelling snowblind
into snow tongues tasting snow lips.
we are red tongue, snow toothed
ten thousand tongues laughing at our captors,
crying, weeping rain
tasting the sea,
the waves sigh
salty-tear sighs
released tomorrow but
dying now.

Yesterday I was Home
and Snow was Writing
Clouds.

de Lordan
12/80

The Pub Club!

Hours: 11:30 - 7:00 (last call at 6:30)

The Pub now serves Ham and Cheese and Tuna Salad sandwiches. A free chilled glass of your favorite draft beer or chilled wine will be served with the purchase of either sandwich.

Snacks! Popcorn, Pretzels, Soft Drinks, and Coffee are also available.

The Pub Club is located in Bldg. 010, floor 3.

FRESH-MAN PEER ADVISING

by Beth Bagley Laura Montgomery

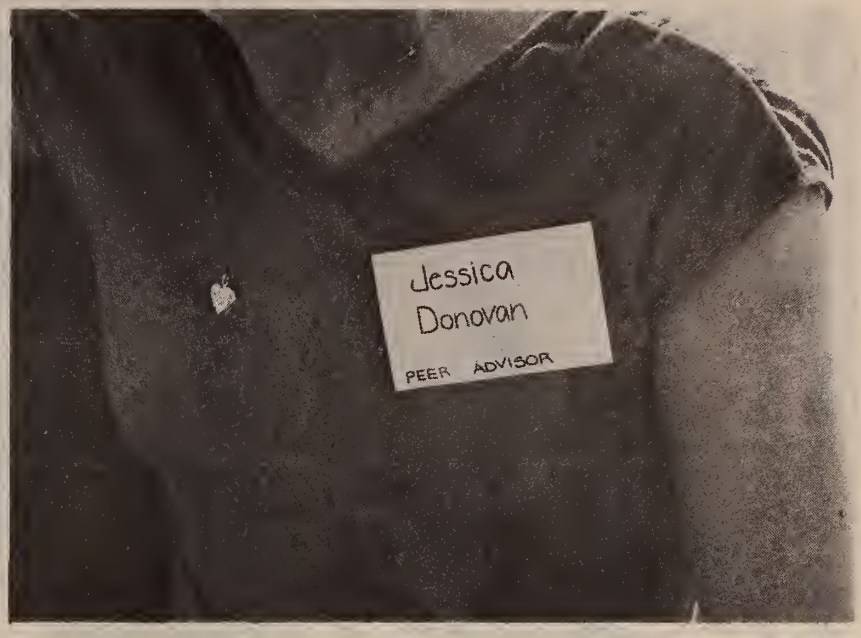
"As a freshman I was not well informed about university policy. I found I had to make all the effort not to feel isolated here."

"As a freshman I was advised by a faculty advisor to take chemistry, biology, english, and math 130 for my first semester. My grade point average was .97. Now it is 3.5. I see how ridiculous it is for a freshman to pace himself to that curriculum."

These two quotes exemplify the types of problems many freshmen encounter upon entrance to UMass. As a means to help alleviate confusion about registration and selection of courses, the Academic Support office began a Peer Advising program. This is a group of fifteen UMass juniors and seniors of various backgrounds and interests who were hired to help in acclimating the freshmen to university and academic procedure. Students in the past had been expressing dissatisfaction with their orientation to the university. Faculty members and advising staff also had been concerned that freshmen were not getting as complete an orientation as they needed. After much discussion, Bernice Auslander, Dean of Academic Studies, supported the appropriation of leftover tutorial funds for the implementation of freshmen peer advising.

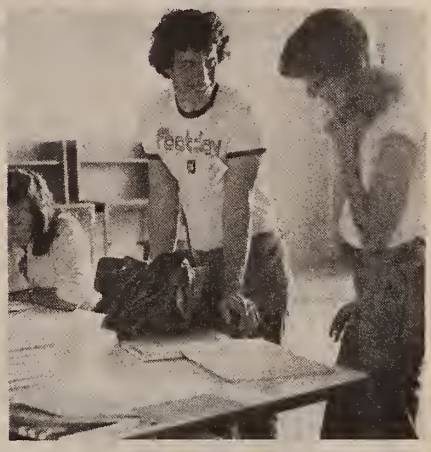
Elsa Orjuela, Co-ordinator of the Peer Advising program believes that the main problem faced by freshmen is a feeling of intimidation. "The concept of college learning and the unfamiliar environment is, to the inexperienced, threatening." Elsa also believes that the lack of "personal contact" offered to freshmen during orientation and their introduction to the school "reinforces the coldness and intimidation." In other universities, orientation is often more complete, with week long orientation periods. UMass students, however,

Peer Advising to p. 31



PHOTOS BY LAURA MONTGOMERY

FPS coordinator Elsa Orjuela



Peer Advisor Fran Fortin assisting freshman

Freshman selecting courses at June registration

Eric Stanway

HARTMAN'S LAMENT

by Seth Salinger

I entered this life in a wholly unremarkable fashion, arriving at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. I would eventually experience an all-encompassing loathing for the world, utter hatred of my family, and disgust with my own wasteful life. But sit down first, get comfortable. Have a drink and let me tell you my tale, and when I am finished, you may decide whether life itself is mere folly, like some cruel trick played on us all by the cosmos. Yes, sit down now and banish those thoughts of happiness, for as you shall soon see, there is no such thing.

There, are you comfortable? Here, drink up, and listen. You must understand that the first emotion I ever learned was scorn. I scorned my parents. I scorned my older brother who took great delight in poking at me with large, rusty pins. My parents did not fault this behavior, for they attributed it to a natural state in childhood development. They thought him cute. They were not aware of my suffering, for duly, they were being entertained. Whenever my brother began to poke at me with the pins, my father would call out, "Come quickly, Frau! Again, Helmut is poking at Rudi with large, rusty pins! What fun! How cute!"

I loathed all of them. Even as Helmut had his fun, I regarded him with the outward appearance of indifference. Inwardly, I despised him relentlessly, and my parents as well.

Despite the gross dissatisfaction of my life at home, I realized the insurmountable odds against a young boy of four striking out on his own. I thus resolved to accept my status, however grudgingly, until these people would no longer be of service to me.

I recall that we owned a chocolate-colored cat named Kaiser who invoked in me a sense of revulsion unworthy of words. If the cat ever came too close, I would spit upon him. In response, he would scratch me viciously across the entire expanse of my face, and it was not uncommon for these demonstrations of mutual contempt to continue well into the evening. My mother particularly enjoyed watching them, and often, like King Xerxes at Salamis, she would sit transfixed in her favorite chair, viewing the battles between loathsome feline and wretched infant.

My mother was a dull woman. It was common knowledge that she married my father for his money. She never loved him. Yet it was also commonly known that my father never had any money. He consummated the marriage more for having the thing done and out of the way than from any minute flowering of affection. He never loved her. I never loved either of them, and would have gladly been born to other parents if history would have permitted it.

You look shocked, saddened. Did you not realize that bitterness could dwell with such permanence and immediacy in the heart? Here, friend, have another drink, for I have more to tell, and you shall soon realize that love is a hoax.

When I was three, my father was called away to Hamburg, and my mother to Heidelberg, and so it seemed that all my relatives were, in rapid succession, called away to various cities until my entire family was spread helter-skelter across the continent. My brother, myself, and the cat were placed in the charge of a foul-natured nanny named Heidi.

Heidi was a big, blonde woman whose life's crowning achievement was the ability to spread her usually-wagging tongue across the tip of her nose. For

my part, I wished it would become stuck there permanently, because if she was not perfecting this silly exercise, she was accusing me of some fabricated misdemeanor. To escape the intolerable hell of life with Heidi, I would often disappear for days at a time, and no one, not even I myself had any notion of my whereabouts or activities during my frequent absences.

One day, Heidi was called away to Lubek and was never seen again. Soon thereafter, my parents returned, and life at home resumed its normal color and pace.

On my fifth birthday, I was enrolled in the Klukenstein Academy for Boys. This was to be the start of my formal education. My first and everlasting impression of this ancient institution, with its cold, hollow walls and crumbling, wood ceilings, could be summed up in one word -- horror. I was not so terrified of the place as one might be frozen in his tracks by a Bengal tiger, mischievously released from its cage; I was more undone by the knowledge that, for the next six years, this was to be my home, and I would be forced to endure the chatter of senile, old gasbags who doubled as professors. Worse, I was expected to share a room with thirty odd boys who could best be described just so --odd.

Running away was out of the question. The school was on an island off the Baltic coast whose waters were patrolled by man-eating fishes, or so we were told. Here, I bade my parents farewell and resigned myself to my fate.

My professor, in my first year of school, was a man named Johaness Schnelling, but everyone addressed him as Herr Professor, or sometimes just Herr. I could only guess at his age. I suppose he was in his late nineties, though he might have been older and probably was. He moved about with such obvious effort that it was painful even to watch him try to hold a writing chalk in his hand. Often, he would fail so miserably in this that I would feel compelled to cry out, "There, there, Herr!"

I sat at the front of the room, yet it was impossible to make out the professor's words. This suited me fine as I had not the slightest interest in anything he had to say. While he harangued incoherently and the others scratched rude translations onto their precious, little slates, I amused myself by constructing tiny, paper boats and floating them on the class spitoon.

My classmates were fools. I could not bear to have anything to do with them. I spent that first year very much alone, consoled to my freedom from Helmut and the cat. Wait! Where are you going? There is more to tell! You have not yet finished your drink and I have yet to impress upon you that you existence is a bitter mistake! Yes, sit down. Don't be frightened. You look so sad and tired. Here, my good fellow. Take this drink and let me tell you about the dormitory. Then see how you feel.

The dormitory where I was placed walled in a perpetual state of disrepair. Its dark, moldy interior reminded me of a Transylvanian cave. We grew accustomed to the sounds of our housemates rising in the middle of the night to heed nature's call, and

halfway to the door, falling through the floorboards and vanishing into the darkness with a loud crash.

The situation with the food was no better. The most popular meal was the bowl of water intended for the sterilization of the utensils. This we would consume in great gulps, always pleading for more than our share.

Matters improved somewhat in my second year at the academy. I was moved to a larger dormitory which boasted the luxuries of windows and beds. The windows, however, were placed so precariously close to the floor that, in order to peer at the world outside, it was necessary to assume a position on one's hands and knees. The only view was of the stone foundation of the adjacent dormitory two feet away. This arrangement allowed no light into the room, so the windows actually served no purpose. Still, we thought a proper dormitory ought to have windows. We were proud of our windows and kept them clean.

For lack of space, we slept six to a bed. As my foul luck would have it, I was assigned to a bed with five of the smelliest and most ungracious lads on earth. It was not uncommon for me to wake and find myself on the floor after the others had voted to kick at me until I fell off.

Even though living conditions improved somewhat, academic conditions did not. My second year professor was called Herr Dryer. He was a large man in his middle fifties. He always wore three waistcoats, a firmly starched high purple collar, and polished, orange boots. A green-framed *pince nez* dangled down by his knees. His grey mutton chops were so long and thick that they met underneath his bald head like a horseshoe. He would have cut a terrifying figure, had he not looked so incredibly ridiculous. Herr Dryer was not blessed with a gentle disposition. He did not merely speak; he bellowed, regardless of his particular mood. What a contrast he was to Herr, who could barely be heard past the se-

Lament to p. 27

Laura Montgomery

FATHER'S DAY 1981

Wearing his jacket and finding
pennies and tobacco
down deep where small hands reached,
shoulders too big
but it felt so important
to wrap myself in his scent

As a child I loved him
for his gentle voice
that smelt heavy with cigarettes,
for his tall angular body
that could do so many wonderful things.

As a teenager
I could not love him
because I could not love myself

As a young adult
I loved him --
for his understanding silence
and loved him deeply
for his failings -- suddenly human
with broad shoulders to hug and cry on

And now
I still wear his jacket
the pockets aren't so deep
my hands aren't so small
the shoulders are still too big,
but it feels so important
to wrap myself in his love.

A. Hurley

Laura Montgomery

Poetic Conversation

"More and more the dreams
infiltrate reality-- a constant cat
that wants to come in."

"Perched on the fence
of perpetual conception."

"Each link one more reason
to sleep through the night."

"Sadly tossing each moment
into the abyssmally deep,
forgetful pail of heads and tails."

"Heads and rails, railing
against the morning light
arriving forever without invitation."

"Sunshine squeezed into
a sandwich of gravity and water."

"Dripping and easing into crevices
of my windows and my eyes."

"Chasing nebulous kittycats
into tomorrow's closets."
"Hang out the dreams,
water the cat, turn the knob-
press the button, out on the street
I can still hear them crying."

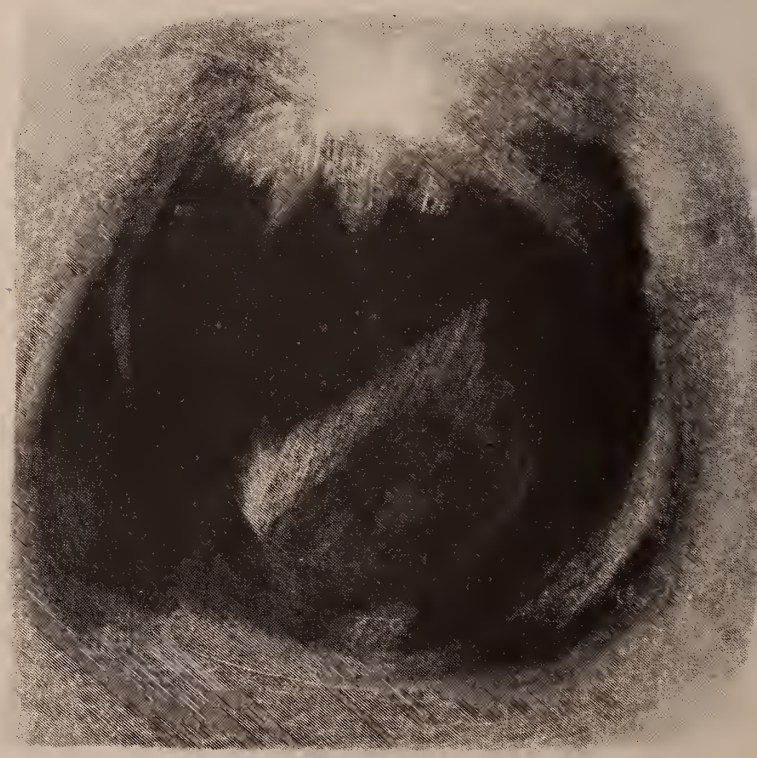
by
Allison Hurley
Dennis Lordan

27may81

GOAT CHEESE OH

Yeah, crinkle your snubbies, you piefaced twerpettes.
I'm coming to town, the nasty brown goatgirl.
See what I've grown during the winter?
Two swollen buds, and silk in my armpits.
See my fine ribbon like a lost bit of sky?
One of you left it snagged in the brambles.
Just you try snatching it out of my curls.
These tangles hant been combed out since September!
Hellodeyo boys, does your mama need cheese?
Why not come closer, take a peek in my basket?
I can do tricks with my tongue like a snake.
You have any sugar? Come see my nans.
This with the scar on her muzzle is Docia
She's mean -- see her small yellow eyes?
Hedda and Trudy are stupid and ugly
But this fawn colored one is Gisela -- she's lovely.
See her long lashes, she's dreadfully modest
Arncha my bumble, my doodley-doo?
She nuzzles me warm on cold nights in the straw
Her hot little belly is just toasty, feel it?
Pooh, she's cleaner than you are, pimple faced twit!
Cheese buy my cheese, it's ever so creamy
My goats eat wild clover, they lap from the streams oh!
Neat little pellets fall behind them like beads

Sharon Singer-Nese



Laura Montgomery

Lady in Black

Racing for the edge
she behind
breathing ice fire
currents jolt through the dream
ushering in the dark

Bedroom is night
A sad ache, misfiled
pores into the void
of the unfocused room.

Cold terror spreads like cancer
Evil slides up my legs

Outside a rose descends from the window
then disintegrates "It's only cosmic dust."

Out there stilletto heels
hit slate
in sharp staccato beats

Angel wings your shoulder pads are
burnt and shimmering
broad hooded veil sheathed in black crepe.

Red nails creep
cut into concrete
my chest aching
mink and metal
stabbing neat precise

no face
no arms
only legs
ivory hips
cut to measure
black stars rising
click click
sparks dancing
she arrives
an electric storm

blue veins heart twitching
roses crumpling inside the bed
churning up under wet sheets
"You don't fuck around when you kill,' she said.

You little bitch.

L. Newbold

Amalia Affandiliano

Amalia Afandiliano

You warn, darkened brows, that I write too fast,
Upon a couch in fruity sun I bask,
I haste because of things I cannot reach,
A cat, the stars, god, the yellow peach.

TKM

WATCHING BEAM GROW

I am Beam! one day
she proclaimed happily and so she was
as a child quite happy

At an age when she began
to feel an awakening
she began to brood, as if feeling some faint

stirrings-Then one bright day
Beam flew out of her chrysalis calls
her new self Sarah

We too call her that
watching her grow
knowing what we know.

robthun

AN OLD POEM/DISTANCES

brilliant
burning

queen you are
like that far
star
distant. distinct. diamond.

blue
juliana

Now is the time of quiet on earth,
now is the soil at rest and the
wind at peace.
Here is the time of quiet
when the earth lies fallow to begin again
its cycle of growing life
beneath the deepened snows.
Now has the heart ceased to sing
and clamor at the sky,
as soul, itself, sits folded deep
within the winter cloth to watch and wait
for still another birthing time.

Nicky Nickerson

POST SCRIPT

Aww crypt
I didn't want
to go back

robthun

Lament from p. 22

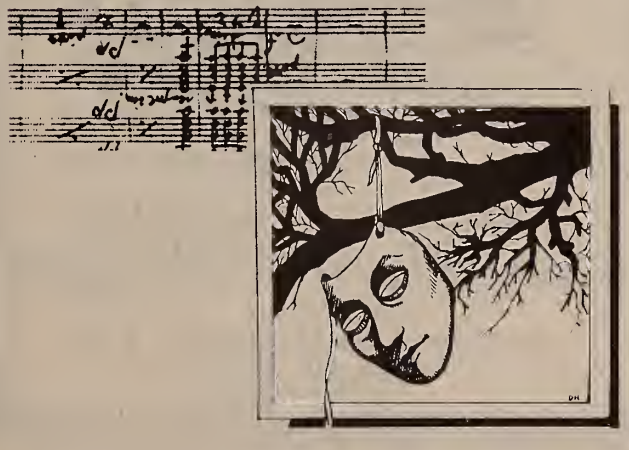
cond row. Many of us suffered temporary hearing loss as a result of his stupendously boring lectures.

I managed to learn almost nothing from Herr Dryer, yet at the end of the second year, I was recommended for promotion to the next level along with the others. This mystified me, for after eighteen complete months of schooling, I still lacked the basic skills necessary for reading and writing my own name.

At this time, my father came to visit me to check my progress. I still vividly recall our conversation.

"Well son?"
"I beg your pardon?"
"Surely you recognize me!"
"I'm afraid not."
"I'm your father!"
"Oh, so you are...Hello father."
"Are you not glad to see me?"
"Yes, sir. I always wear this expression."
"To be sure. Well, son, what have you learned here?"
"Nothing yet, father."
"Nothing?"
"No."
"Well, ha, ha, these things take time."
"Yes."
"Your mother and brother send their love."
"How nice."
"Do you want anything from home?"
"Yes, please, I would like my sailor's cap."
"Your little sailor's cap? Well, well, I will make a note of that, and when I come to visit you two years from now, I shall bring it with me."
"Good."

Some months passed. I sensed an undefined longing from within. Certainly, I did not desire friendship. There was no one I cared for. I held fast to an illusionary dedication to something greater. I mused that I might one day discover my purpose in life.



My third year was not nearly so horrible as the first two. I devised certain methods for overcoming my solitude. How curious, they seem insignificant to me now. Cautiously, I selected a few lads I considered mildly superior and pretended to project a slight interest in their affairs. I shunned the attachments of unrefined knaves, but I accepted their occasional outpourings of adulation. I relied on these infrequent social contacts primarily to keep from going insane, and also to practice the language.

In the middle of my third year at the academy, a new boy arrived in our class. His parents had recently been away to Sweden and he had no one to look after him. From the first, I saw he stood apart; he was witty and intelligent. He spoke with an eloquence unbefitting the moronic ears of his peers. I resolved to make his acquaintance. His name was Hans. We soon became inseparable. Hans was, you might say, my first friend. We spent many hours together imitating our professors and playing at soldiers. We spent so much time with these diversions while neglecting our studies than Hans' more conservative nature emerged and he started to show concern. Citing myself as an example, I assured him that scholastic performance bore no relation to academic standing at the Klukenstein Academy.

I confess, I did not really like Hans. Had we not been trapped together in that God-forsaken prison of a school, I probably would have had nothing to do with him. Underlying his wit, his eloquence, and his intelligence was the fact that he was a pompous ass.

By this time, I had arrived in my thinking at what I concluded to be the apex of postive emotion. I believed there was no feeling greater than that derived from definitively insulting others. To me, this defined happiness in all its glory.

Are you not well? Please do not look so crushed. You must hear the end of this story to appreciate its full implication. You there! Waiter! Another drink for my friend here and more bread for me if you please! Now then, allow me to continue and we shall see if we cannot hightlight your depression with the essence of hopelessness indiginous to all souls.

Just before my third year at the academy ended, it was discovered that my friend, Hans, was really a girl whose name was Ingeborg. She had masqueraded as a boy to gain admission to the academy and had maintained the disguise all along. Upon the discovery of her true identity, she was expelled. I felt no real sense of loss, but just before she left, I asked Ingeborg for her toy police whistle which I had found useful for frightening annoying associates. This she refused to relinquish. I cursed her furiously as she was led to the boat waiting to ferry her back to the mainland.

When my father came to visit me at the end of the fourth year, he forgot to bring the little sailor's cap I cherished so. I refused to speak to him and he went away sadly commenting that perhaps things would be better between us at the end of the sixth year when he would come to take me home.

Two years later, I graduated from the academy with honors. This came as no surprise to me. By now, I had spent six years rising in the artificial hierarchy of

an institution which applauded my non-existent progress, so to graduate with honors seemed plainly within the realm of logic.

My father had been called away to Berlin at the time of my graduation so my mother and brother collected me. I had seen neither one for six years and could think of nothing to say to them. They suffered from the same affliction, so we spent the entire fourteen-hour ride home in total silence, pausing only to clear our throats.

After my father returned from Berlin, my parents began discussions about my future. My father was in favor of apprenticing me to a woodcutter. My mother insisted my formal education continue. My father thought this an asinine idea, as I had learned nothing at the academy in six years. My mother protested that I had graduated with honors. Remarkably, this argument swayed my father, leading me to believe he was perhaps even more of a dullard than my mother.

I lived the next six years at home while I attended the local gymnasium. During this time, my parents observed me closely, watching for any signs which may have forecast my life's occupation. None developed, and at the age of eighteen, I graduated from the gymnasium. Once again, the question of my future arose. My father proposed I go live with my brother who had recently gone into business for himself manufacturing kettle drums. This did not appeal to me, so I stayed home and read books, an unprofitable occupation to be sure. My father demanded I try something else, so I substituted attending the theatre for reading books with little success.

I felt no desire to labor at some menial task, so I expended a great effort convincing my father of the necessity of his continued financial support. To stem the growth of my boredom, I cultivated my artistic and musical tastes and became quite a dilletante. My hours were divided between the theatre, the opera, and the libraries of my father's friends.

Finally, my father insisted I grasp some responsibility for becoming self-sufficient. Toward this goal, he secured for me a position as a railroad clerk at the local depot. My sole responsibility consisted of memorizing the arrival and departure times of two hundred and twenty-three trains weekly. This I managed with the slightest degree of enthusiasm possible. The railroad company was unimpressed with my artistic proficiency. They noted only my lack of dedication and poor attitude. When I came up for review, I was relieved promptly of my duties.

Ah, what a bitter travesty is that state "to be." Its ugly truisms are daily coated with the insiduous euphemisms of men. My dear sir, are you one of those poor, misinformed souls who currently rests his faith in the commom goodwill of humanity? The better you realize the falseness of this perception. Oh dear, you seem to have lost your appetite. Why are you crying? Here, take my kerchief and let's have

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another drink, and I will try to teach you the error of human faith. Quiet yourself now and allow me to continue.

Shortly after I left the railroad, my parents died. I sold all their posessions and combined the profits with what little money they left me. This sum allowed me to live free of the obligations of some mundane employment. I travelled abroad, slowly drank my savings away, and became increasingly disillusioned. I had wasted my boyhood and now I was wasting my manhood. I visited nearly every country in Europe, yet I met no one of interest and learned nothing of significance. I was simply existing as a grain of sand exists, with no more reason than to be a tiny part of a vast desert. For nine months, I wandered through the great cities of the continent committing the ultimate sin, wasting time.

I returned home to find that my brother had been called away to Hungary and had died there. I assumed control of the fortune he had amassed with his kettle drum business. My days consisted of little, aside from occassional strolls in the square. It was on one of these strolls that my life took such an unexpected turn.

I was on my way home one afternoon when a large carriage drawn by four horses forced me out of its path. Upon spotting me, the driver slowed, tipped his hat, and submitted all the meaningless communication between strangers who meet in the road.

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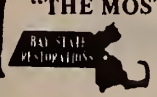

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Seated next to him was a young woman of striking beauty. She was dressed in a blue gown with a large sash running around the middle. Her brown hair was tied in a bun. She had rich, creamy skin and a high, full bosom. Her cheeks reflected the sunlight which made her smile intensely radiant. We exchanged glances as I tipped my hat. The driver ordered his horses on, and they continued down the lane.

I was stunned. For the first time in my life I felt something other than bitterness. It defied description, yet it lingered and filled me with a longing such as I had never known. Had I spent an entire lifetime suppressing such a sensation? At once, I desired to know everything I could about this young woman.

After a few inquiries, I discovered she was the daughter of one Colonel Boringberg, a man prominent in the affairs of our town. His daughter's name was Ingeborg and she was a lover of the opera.

"How wonderful!" I thought, for I too was a lover of the opera. I was sure this common ground would provide an excellent foundation for our friendship. I had heard that Ingeborg was being courted by a man named Lieutenant Wolfgang Strauss. (At first, I had assumed that he was some dashing officer interested in advancing his military career through a convinient marriage, but later investigation revealed that his Christian name was actually 'Lieutenant.')

Some months after my encounter with Ingeborg in the square, I attended a performance of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffman," expecting full well to spot her there. Indeed, as soon as I had taken my seat, I saw her. She was sitting in a private box within my plain view and was attended on either side by her father and Lietenant Strauss. I peered at them through my glass. Strauss was attempting to engage her in some animated conversation and she seemed to show litte interest as she fanned herself and glanced about the hall. Meanwhile, her father, the colonel lapsed in and out of deep slumber, oblivious to everything around him. Suddenly, Ingeborg looked up and caught me spying on her. I was mortified. I quickly turned away. When I looked back, she was smiling at me. My hands started to shake, and then my whole body. I felt cold, as though a chilling wind had suddenly blown into the opera house. Mercifully, the performance started. I tried to concentrate, but I found myself stealing glances into the darkness to where I thought Ingeborg was sitting. Was Strauss holding her hand? I wondered. Was she in love with him? Good sir, do you know what such a feeling of utter helplessness is like? Can you picture it? Have you never suffered the torment of anonymous desire?

At intermission I was overcome with nervous nausea. I prepared to depart for home to recover, but a messenger found me and told me that Colonel Boringberg was requesting my company in his box. "Dear God!" I thought."I am not presentable! Not presentable at all! I must try to get out of here! She must not see me like this!"I constructed all kinds of excuses in my head, but I could think of none to allay the suspicions of the messenger, who might have been a spy for Strauss. "Dear wretched God!" I thought. Why was life suddenly ten times more com-

plicated than before? The messenger was growing impatient. I could no longer stall him. I had to decide. "Just this once," I told myself, "join the living and be a man!"

I followed the messenger back to the colonel's box. I was conscious of my every breath. Was I standing straight? Had I wiped all the sweat from my forehead? Was my coat brushed? I proffered my hand to the colonel.

"I am Herr Rudi Hartman. Or Herr Hartman, if you like. I am honored I am sure." That was a sufficiently dignified thing to say, was it not?

The colonel shook my hand absently and recounted his full name, complete with each of his honorary titles. After he ran out of titles, he presented his daughter, and then Lieutenant Strauss. Strauss eyed me coldly. I tried to ignore him, but he was making me ever so aware of my own clumsiness. Ingeborg explained that she had asked her father to invite me to the box, because she had noticed me before the first act and I seemed somewhat familiar.

We chatted lightly about the war in Siberia. Ingeborg commented that she was out of touch with so many old friends. One had recently been called away to Croatia, another to Galicia, and still another to Bessarabia. She had no idea where Bessarabia was, or if it actually existed, but it troubled her that one of her friends should be called away there.

Just before the second act was about to begin, Ingeborg realized why I seemed so familiar. She was the very Ingeborg who had masqueraded as Hans at the Klukenstein Academy. I felt faint. I spilled most of my wine, some of it staining the colonel's shirt. In a nervous fit, I accidentally stepped on Strauss' foot.

Ingeborg pretended not to notice, but how could she do otherwise? I began to shiver uncontrollably. Ingeborg placed a hand on my shoulder. I felt like a little child. "There, there," she said in an almost motherly tone, "There, there."

I turned away from her and faced Strauss. It seemed he had grown a few inches, or perhaps I was shrinking. In my moment of desperation, I appealed to him, searching for some look or movement which would absolve me of further embarrassment. I needed reassurement as a man, and only Strauss could provide it. Instead, in front of Ingeborg, in front of her father, in front of the whole miserable world, he snorted at me.

Who knows why cruelty is so inherent in the disposition of mankind? Who knows why anguish is the order of the universe? Who knows why pleasure can be derived only from the suffering of others? What is, is; that is all.

After he had defeated me in such a humiliating manner, after he had sapped me of my last meager drop of dignity, do you think Lieutenant Strauss was content to leave me alone in my emptiness? No, sir, he was not. With all the evil precision which his station would allow, he righteously glowered at me.

My guard evaporated; my sense of propriety all but shattered, and in a desparate last gasp, I scowled at him. Now, like a wolf moving in for the kill, Strauss gathered himself up to his full height, pierced me through with his steel eyes, and turned up his nose. I summoned my final defense and retaliated with a pitiful gibe. He looked as though he might sneer with knowing indignation, but Ingeborg stepped between us before any further damage could be done.

The hall darkened, and as the curtain was rising on the second act, I muttered something, wheeled around to leave, and nearly fell out of the box. The two men helped me up, and I stepped on Strauss' foot once more in my effort to run from the hall.

I spent the next three weeks in bed, refusing all callers, expecting life to leave me alone. My kind of humiliation defied recovery. When I received an invitation to a party hosted by the Boringbergs, I quickly tore it to pieces. Two months later, the announcement of Ingeborg's engagement to Lietenant Strauss arrived. Thereafter, I ceased to read my mail.

During the next ten years, I virtually disappeared from public view. I left home only to buy provisions. I stopped nowhere outside my normal route and I talked to no one. I even avoided conversations with shopkeepers by writing terse orders down in little notebooks. I grew old before my time. My body began to grow limp from lack of use.

On my way home one evening from the week's shopping, I overheard the conversation of two old women walking in front of me. This is how I learned that, soon after his marriage, Lieutenant Strauss was called away to Bosnia where he was fatally wounded. The widowed Ingeborg had since grown fat and ugly, and so they say, quite insane.

It is late; I must go. My time is almost up. I ex-

Peter Reynolds

pect nothing from death. There is nothing to expect. We exist in an abyss, deeper than even the mind's eye can see. Our lives, yes mine, and most certainly yours, are dictated by the sorrowful recognition of the nothingness of things and the fruitlessness of endeavor. You and I, sir, are the nightmares of a fool. I have no more to say and, unfortunately, no money to pay for any of these drinks or this food. I am sorry, would you mind? I appear to have left the last vestige of sanity behind. Good evening to you.

THE END

Peer Advising from p. 19

commute and often work full-time, making a lengthy orientation period unfeasible. As a result "students are robbed of the experience and knowledge that they need prior to the semester's beginning," according to Ms. Orjuela.

The functions of peer advisors are: to help freshmen become acquainted with the university;

to assist freshmen with schedules and registration; to assist students in exploring personal and academic interests. In essence, the program aims to help narrow the lines of communication between students and the university.

The fifteen peer advisors have met on a weekly basis for training workshops over the summer. During these meetings, the students helped establish guidelines for the program. Though other universities have similar programs, this program is not modeled after any particular one. UMass is unique in its' student make-up and the program is adapted to the nature of the university. At the peer advising sessions, university procedure and curriculum requirements are reviewed, while interpersonal skills are also strengthened. Information learned at these meetings is used to present workshops and campus tours to freshmen. The peer advisors also provided assistance with schedules for the 300 students who came to the June orientation.

An important element in judging the success of the program will be in the feedback received from students and faculty. The response at date has been good, with Ms. Orjuela believing that people are receptive to the idea. At the June Orientation, faculty advisors felt that freshmen who had attended the peer advising workshops and who had individually seen peer advisors on registration day were better prepared to select courses.

Continuance of this pilot program is dependent on further response and funding.

If you are a CAS freshman and have not been assigned a peer advisor but would like one, contact Elsa Orjuela at the Academic Support office Bld. 020, fl. 3, orange section, ext. 2851.

HAIKU STYLE

Spring's Eagle

The high-flown Eagle
Clawed the chains of winter cold
to free the Earth's gold

Nicky Nickerson

Pregnant

slinking back
bloated like mutton
weeds growing merrily
out of my head

The shower head hissed like a coiling python
nosing its way into my root hairs.

It's not so easy
being a nest.
there are tunnels this morning
waiting on stand by a rock
takes notes in a corner.

I should sleep
but there's a shiny shivering
raining in the cinema
and I'm sliding into steam
watching the movie
on the rug.

L. Newbold

HOW TO BEAT THE 'T'

by Ken Tangvik

Yes folks, while Barry Locke and company scramble to put together a half-ass defense for their court appearances, the MBTA, Governor King's pet project, that wonderfully modern public transportation system, has once again increased its fares. By increasing the prices and cutting back services, the T has clearly proven that centralized, large-scale, top-heavy, bureaucratic management can only lead to fraud, waste, corruption, pay-offs, unreliability and disaster.

For a working student this recent increase will certainly be disastrous. For example many students go to work in the morning, come out to Columbia Point or Park Square for a class, go back to work, and later, return home. If the student is just taking the subway, it will cost her $3.00/day, $15.00/week, $60.00/month, and $720.00/year for transportation during the week-days. If a student must also take a bus before getting on to the subway, or lives in Quincy or Braintree, it could cost up to $4.00/day, $20.00/week, $80.00/month, and $960.00/year. Obviously, something must be done. What can we do to fight back?

If all the frustration and anger caused by the T was transformed into creative energy, we could have hundreds of good ideas for short and long-term solutions to the present despotic situation. I will offer a few ideas concerning several short-term and one long-term solution.All of the short-term solutions are illegal, but one should not feel guilty about breaking the law in this case. In the present day of toxic levels of air pollution, auto accidents, gas shortages, and traffic jams, all public transportation should be inexpensive, efficient, and operating 24 hours/day, 7 days/week . . . All Bostonians should have a right to travel from one part of the city to another at any hour with complete safety.

SHORT-TERM SOLUTIONS

* Find a high-tech wizard (most likely at M.I.T.) who can reproduce the monthly T-passes. The passes could then be masses produced and given out to the handicapped, the elderly, students, and to all poor and working-class neighborhoods.

* Sneak-in. BE BOLD. When the T is crowded, duck under the turnstile. When with friends, just walk through. Don't be afraid. At worst, you'll only have to pay 75¢.

* At certain T stations, those with T-passes can pass their card through a turnstile or chain-link fence to a friend so it can be reused instantly (use a different gate than your friend).

* On certain trolley and bus lines, you are supposed to pay when you get off. DON'T! No bus driver is going to chase you. At worst, he'll curse at you, but deep down he'll probably admire you.

* Experiment with foreign coins. There has to be some kind of cheap foreign coin that will pass as a token. This method has worked successfully in New York.

* Hand your regular T attendant a good joint or a couple of lines and he'll probably let you go for free every day after.

* Get a bunch of friends with bullhorns, and go down into Park Street Station on a hot, humid day when the green and red lines are running a half-hour late. Convince the hundreds of waiting angry commuters to march up to the State House. Break into Governor King's office and threaten his life. Maybe he'll finally realize what it's like to ride on a subway rather than in a limosine.

* On the trolleys, dump a few pennies and nickels into the coin collector (instead of 3 quarters). The driver won't even notice. If he does, just ignore him.

* Sit around with your friends and family and think of other short and long-term solutions.

LONG-TERM SOLUTIONS

* Start a People's Bus Cooperative. Buy a dozen old school buses, fix them up, and paint them with psychedelic colors. Find retired people, unemployed, students, and freaks to drive the buses on the major MBTA routes. Pick up everyone along the routes who has been waiting for the T buses. Make runs late into the night on Friday and Saturday, and run all day and night on Sunday. Let smoking be allowed to keep everyone mellow, but no cigarettes. Make the bus ride free, but accept suggested donations to pay for drivers' wages and bus maintainance. Hundreds of commuters will gladly give money to such a cause. Encourage political debates, sing a longs, and performing artists on the bus rides. If bus drivers find that their passengers are angry or frustrated, they should take detours by the homes of politicians so the people can scream and throw rocks.

A successful twelve vehicle People's Bus Cooperative could cause one or two things to happen. Either the MBTA, Governor, and Legislature would be so embarrassed that they would be forced to provide accessible, cheap, safe and reliable public transportation or . . . .

The Peoples Bus Co-op would blossom into a huge, decentralized, bottom-heavy system that would gradually become more and more popular. Tax-paying commuters would stop paying taxes to the state and instead would give money to the Peoples Bus Co-op. Bus Co-ops would pop up in every city in the U.S.

In short, when dealing with the MBTA mess, don't depend on "them" for anything. Be creative, think cooperatively, but most of all be defiant and bold. Let's not let ourselves to be rolled over. If nothing else, there is dignity in fighting back.

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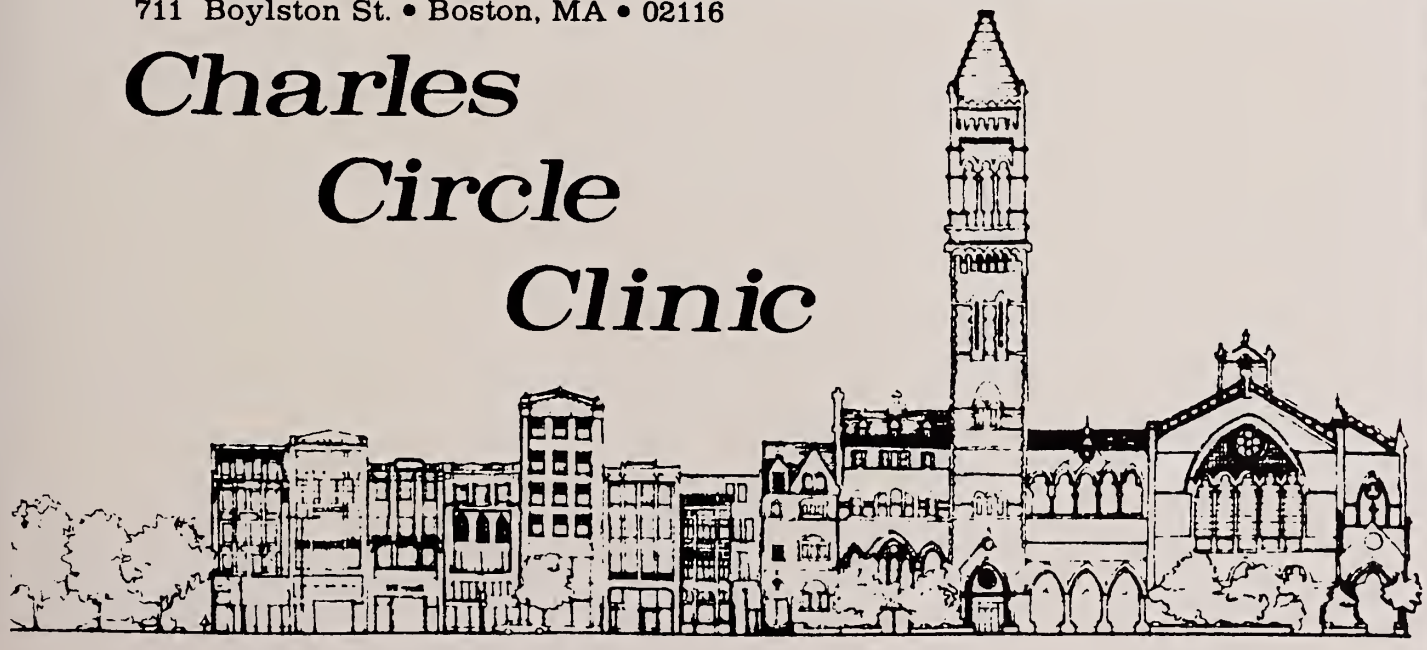

WAVELENGTH